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Vices
of
Other Days

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LOS ANGELES

And Arthur Kennard -

with best regards. A H.

VERSES
OF OTHER DAYS.

BY

A. HAYWARD.

(Reprinted, with Additions, for Friends.)

MDCCCLXXXII.

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*TO AN UNKNOWN LADY SINGING IN THE NEXT
ROOM AT AN HOTEL.*

SING on, sing on, your voice is filling
The air with music—every tone
Instinct with life and thought—and thrilling
With power, with passion, all your own.

One time, a tale of sorrow telling,
It sinks and softens to a sigh ;
Then, trumpet-like and proudly swelling,
It sounds the conqueror's battle-cry.

We think we see the war-horse dashing
With blood-stained rider o'er the plain—
The serried line—the death-shot flashing—
And listen for the shriek of pain.

But hardly have we dwelt, deploring
And saddened, on this scene of fear—
'Tis gone, and here's the lover pouring
His murm'ring vows in beauty's ear.

Oh, oft I've heard, without believing,
That men have hung with bated breath,
Whilst tempters, whom they knew deceiving,
Were slowly singing them to death.

But well might they be lured to ruin :
Within the hour you've taught me how :
The Sirens did what you are doing ;
They sang as you are singing now.

TO MRS. —. —.

You ask if still your beauty lingers,
If still you're fitted to betray,
If time has, with unhallowed fingers,
Swept any of your charms away.

And tremble lest we should discover
That lips and eyes are apt at fading,
Lest soon, too soon, th' enraptured lover
Should change his fondness for upbraiding.

But calm such fears, be hushed that sighing,
Foreboding tone of causeless woe :
How can you doubt of my replying,
Your beauty faded !—no, love, no.

Your eyes are bright as ever beaming,
Your lips are ripe and tempting still,
Love never murmurs at redeeming
Such charms from age, and never will.

Whilst all else tells that time is fleet,
 Expression, which can never feel it,
 Has o'er you thrown a charm as sweet,
 As if you'd flown to heaven to steal it.

Leave it to others to despair,
 When they've outlived their sunny weather,
 Rest sure that you'll be ever fair,
 Because you've mind and form together.

—o—

TO C. —. —.

DULL folks who can't abide Rousseau
 Have wonder'd much that he should go
 A mile or two seven times a week
 Only to kiss his Sophie's cheek.
 But, for my part, I never wonder'd ;
 For willingly I'd go a hundred,
 By night or day, in rain or shine,
 Only to press your cheek to mine.

TO NINA LONGING FOR A "BELLE AMITIÉ"
WITH A MALE FRIEND.

*"Ce qui fait que la plupart des femmes sont peu touchées d'
l'amitié, c'est qu'elle est fade quand on a senti de l'amour."*

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

DREAM not of such a friend,
Whatever is intended ;
Trust me, the dream will end
As all such dreams have ended.

Do what you will to blind,
Your bright and glowing beauty
Soon makes the part assigned
Too hard, too cold a duty.

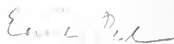
Mark well as, day by day,
Each look the truth revealing,
You struggle to delay
The treach'rous change of feeling.

The common daily greeting
Is murmured with a blush,
The proffered hand at meeting
Is taken with a flush.

The fitful flame will hover
Till, with a flash of light,
The friend becomes the lover
In his and your despite.

— o —

TO LADY E. P.



WHO, AFTER COMPLAINING OF HEADACHE, FELL ASLEEP
OVER MY BOOK.

If that lovely cheek reposes
Only to renew its roses,
If those bright eyes brighter look
From gently closing o'er my book,
If any way it softens pain,
Lady, sleep on or sleep again.

*TO C—, ON A REPORT THAT SHE HAD BEEN
FLIRTING WITH ANOTHER.*

THANKS, dear, for your kind, ready promise,
That silly report to disprove ;
Act thus, and fate cannot take from us
The sweetest enjoyment in love.

The conviction, the faith, high and holy,
With our first happy moments begun,
That, superior to weakness or folly,
Our spirits are blended in one.

That there's nothing for either to smother
With a sigh, or conceal with a smile,
That whenever one suffers, the other
Will hasten the pang to beguile.

How lovely you looked as you pouted,
And asked with your beautiful eyes,
If a being like you should be doubted,
Or bound down by commonplace ties.

And indeed I'd ne'er dream of controlling
Your movements so graceful and free,
But the woman I treasure my soul in,
Is like a shrined idol to me.

The crowd from afar must adore her,
No step near the altar may tread,
Nothing light or profane must breathe o'er her,
Or the charm of the worship is dead.



TO A DISCARDED BOUQUET.

THOUGH your mistress has flung you away,
And most of your freshness is flown,
I'll prolong your existence a day,
For your fate is a type of my own.

Yet why make you live on ! mistaken
Such kindness, I own with a sigh.
The thing she has held and forsaken
Has nothing to do but to die.

A COMMON FALLACY.

*"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence."*—BYRON.

*"Que les hommes sont heureux d'aller à la guerre, &c. Mais
il n'y a rien au dehors qui soulage les femmes."*—CORINNE.

THE saying's unfounded, though common,
Let sophists urge all that they can,
That love is existence to woman,
And only a pastime to man.

The victim, the slave, of one feeling,
For work or amusement unfit,
My sole solace from memory stealing,
Which brings me her image, I sit.—

Whilst she on her hunter is springing,
With spirits so frolic and free,
And laughter so merrily ringing,
'Twere a sin to be thinking of me.

Perhaps she'll come back to me smiling,
And pause just to rivet my chain ;
Or begin some new mode of beguiling,
If only to fret me again.

Her eyes may grow kinder to teach me
Some new beauty or charm to regret,
Though for one of her looks that will reach me,
Another a hundred may get.

But why should I murmur, the chances
Of love we must take as they go ;
That one will be worth all the glances
All the rest of the sex could bestow.

—o—

*TO A PAIR OF GLOVES (No. 54) WHICH LADY
H— —D WAS PUTTING ON.*

MAKE much of the short-lived delight,
Too surely the prelude of sorrow :
The hands you are pressing to-night
Will discard you for new ones to-morrow.

LA DAME AUX VIOLETTES.

(On a crushed bouquet of violets (crushed by her having unconsciously leaned on them) returned to the giver on leaving the Opera.)

THESE flowers are dead—their bloom
All gone—yet sweet their death ;
Their best and last perfume
Was mingled with her breath.

Kissing them, with her smile
So coy, so gay, so bright,
She told me they'd beguile
The lone sad hours of night.

Alas ! no charm or spell
Whose object was confest,
E'er did its work so well
Of murdering sleep and rest.

The visions they awoke,
Though sweeter far than sleep,
Left me, when morning broke,
No strength except to weep—

Weep o'er the feverish hours
I've wasted, and waste yet,
On hopes that, like my flowers,
She'll crush and then forget.



*ON THE FIRST LEAF OF THE PENCARROW
ALBUM.*

If beauty, courtesy, and grace,
The smile so bright, the heart so warm,
Could ever fling around a place
A glow, a halo, and a charm :

Pencarrow's guests should count and treasure
The hours that now unheeded fly,
Sunlit by mirth and winged by pleasure,
For all will leave it with a sigh.

PENCARROW, *Sept.* 3, 1859.

TO LADY E. CARVING.

IF you would save male guests from starving,
Fair Countess, you must leave off carving :
So eagerly fixes and lingers
Our gaze upon those lovely fingers,
That if by chance we wish to eat,
It is the hand and not the meat.

CASHIOBURY, 1856.

—o—

A FAREWELL.

ONE interview yet, and we're parted,
The dawn of our friendship is o'er—
Desponding, worn, wasted, lone-hearted,
I dare not look forward to more.
Yet I will not, I cannot forget you ;
Among the few hours I can call
Back to dream of, the hour when I met you
Will now be the sweetest of all.
I must not even whisper how often,
'Mid the passion, the folly, the strife
I mix in, your image will soften
The hardness and coldness of life.

How looks, tones, and thoughts will come
thronging,

And, alas ! for the wish may be vain—
How deep and how heartfelt the longing
To see you and hear you again !

Then, farewell—I ask for no promise ;
Who knows that a feeling will last ?
But there's one thing fate cannot take from us—
The affection that feeds on the past.

—o—

IMPROMPTU.

ON A LADY SAYING THAT ALL WOMEN'S FACES HAD SOMETHING DIVINE ABOUT THEM TO A MAN OF FEELING.

“ ALL women's faces are divine ”—

Granted : and let the man who mocks
At such a creed, once gaze on thine,
He'll soon adopt the paradox.

Because he'll very soon forget
There's any other face to see,
And linger, fluttering in the net,
Till *woman* is a word for thee.

TO J. E.

OH, fling away
That withered bouquet—
Take this instead ;
Those faded flowers
Remind me of hours
Wasted or fled.

To be emblems of you,
So sweet and true,
So fresh and bright,
They should keep their bloom,
And scatter perfume
From morn to night.

They've enjoyed the best.
And may bear the rest :
To be about you,
Is life's chief joy—
Its worst alloy
To be without you.

*ON BEING ASKED WHO WAS SINGING AT AN
EVENING PARTY.*

Oh, ask me not about the song,
Or what was said or what was done,—
Amid this gay and glancing throng,
I see and hear and know but one.

The wit, the beauty, and the grace
That mingle here, I cannot see,—
Besides that darling form and face,
There's nothing in the room for me.

Her breath, her beauty fill the air,
The very atmosphere's refined ;
Some charm, some essence, rich and rare,
Flutters and steals away my mind.

I know I ought to play the part
Of cold indifference for her sake,
But when I try to school my heart,
It throbs as if about to break.

And since I struggle hard to hide
The feelings that I can't suppress,
If she's compelled to frown or chide
A little, she'll not love me less.



*ON A SASH-RIBBON DROPPING TWICE
DURING A WALK.*

Why do Augusta's ribbons wander?
Why twice to-day that bow untied?
When every other thing grows fonder,
The more it lingers by her side.

Alas! exclaims the truant bow,
I'm sure you'll see no cause to scold me,
Or think me fickle, when you know
How feeble are the bonds that hold me.

For what avails it to cling fast?
Why should I try to prove a true one?
When the next hour may be my last,
Since every day she wears a new one.

No sooner have I learn'd my part,
And with a flush of pride begin
To clasp her waist, and guard the heart
You'd die a hundred deaths to win,

Or, by an upward glance discover
Th' expressive beauties of her face,
Than all my new-found joys are over,
And there's another in my place.

—o—

W. H.
ON VERSES TO EUGENIE M—— (LADY B.) BY
MRS. NORTON IN THE DRAWING-ROOM
SCRAP-BOOK FOR 1849.

THESE verses show a pretty zeal,
A graceful wish to do a duty ;
But how could woman ever feel
Thy melting, bright, seducing beauty ?

To paint its rich warm glow, the Muse
Demands a pen by passion guided,
That of a man who sighs and sues,
As once—alas ! how vainly—I did.

*TO THE PAINTER OF AN UNFINISHED
PORTRAIT AT STRAWBERRY HILL.*

RASH and idle the endeavour
Features and form like hers to trace ;
Try for ages, you will never
Fix the beauty of that face.

'Tis not in the glossy tresses,
The tempting lips, or beaming eyes,
But in something that expresses
The mind, the soul, and Art defies.

Then pause betimes, for painters straying
Beyond their sphere, too oft have shown
The pencil pow'rless in portraying
A charm revealed to Love alone.

TO C.

*" A ses moindres discours suspendre tout son être,
Emu d'un doux espoir,
Et mourir tout le jour, hélas ! à se promettre
Un sourire le soir."*

GIVE me one look to cheek the sense,
The aching sense, of coming ill ;
At least 'twill serve as a pretence,
A poor one, for remaining still.

Or am I kept to show your power,
A thing to gladden or make sad,
Just fit to while away an hour
When nothing better's to be had.

You know I never ask for much
To turn my darkest thoughts to light ;
A word, a look, a tone, a touch,
Has made me happy for the night.

The fond, the cherished hope of meeting,
As once we met, I must resign ;
But let your eyes keep on repeating
" I dare not, or I would be thine ! "

TO THE SAME.

*“ Et lorsque ce regard que le regard mendie
On n'a pu l'obtenir,
Sentir avec terreur à l'ame anéantie
Echapper l'avenir.”*

ONE glance from her expressive eyes
Is all I ask, and she denies

So slight though sweet a boon.

I little thought a week ago,
So hard, so undeserved a blow

Would come, and come so soon.

She knows how wildly I adore
That form and face,—how more and more

Her loveliness gets twined,
So closely as to mock control,
With every impulse of my soul
And movement of my mind!

How, when the heart is worn with longing,
Doubts, fears, and jealousies come thronging

Like clouds in wintry weather;
Yet twelve whole hours are nearly gone
Without a look to say, “Love on,
Love on, we feel together!”

REFLECTION.

Is it not folly to remain
 Expecting that which she denies,
Demanding promised joys in vain,
 And growing what I most despise.

Her loveliness is fast undoing
 The little strength of mind I had ;
A day of smiles would be my ruin,
 An hour of frowns would drive me mad.

I gaze till I am drunk with beauty,
 The helpless victim of her power ;
I languish till all sense of duty
 Yields to the witchery of the hour.

But slight indeed the hope of waking
 From such a trance while she is nigh.
The best, the only mode of breaking
 Spells of her weaving, is—to fly !

TO C.

ALAS ! with fate 'tis vain to cope,
Your path is breaking off from mine ;
And every day some wish, or hope,
Or fond illusion, I resign.

You cannot blend me with your life ;
Perhaps you would not, if you could ;
And I'm not equal to the strife
I courted in my happier mood.

This agitation wears me out,
You've wavered once, and may again—
An hour, a minute, dashed with doubt
Condemns me to a night of pain.

And yet how soft that smile—how sweet
Those pouting lips, in times of old—
How exquisite it was to meet
Your eyes before your heart grew cold !

And if that fickle wayward heart—
Dear, dear beyond expression still—
Would only try again the part
'Twas once its fondest joy to fill.

How quickly you would find a way
To calm these jealousies and fears,
Raise crushed affection, and repay
The wasting agony of years.

Then can I say, Farewell?—Oh no!
Whene'er I try, before 'tis heard,
My senses reel, my heart beats slow,
And shudd'ring I recall the word.

If you require it, I'll adore,
Distant, and desolate, and lone—
But do not tell me to give o'er
Loving, because I *must* love on!

TO THE SAME.

How sweet it is to sit by thee,
To hear thee speak, to feel thee move,
And find thee gentle, kind, and free
To listen to the voice of love !

How fondly I drink in the tones
Which seem to whisper thou art mine :
How wildly throbs the heart that owns
No spell of power, no sway, but thine !

A few weeks more, and they'll be past—
The only moments that I prize—
All gone—and I may look my last
Of thy loved form and speaking eyes.

Then, dearest, shall we throw away
Or spoil the moments that remain ?
Oh, look thy sweetest look, and say,
“ I'll not be cross or cold again.”

TO THE SAME.

"The only thing that consoles me during absence is the reflection that no mental or personal estrangement from ennui or disagreement can take place."—BYRON.

"Dans les amours les plus passionnés, il arrive rarement que les deux amans restent pendant toute une journée parfaitement contents l'un de l'autre."—MADAME DU DEFFAND.

Is it an unkind thing to say?
But kind or unkind, it is true—
I'm better, happier when away
Than mingling in the throng with you.

There's now no coquetry to fret,
No fear to weigh my spirit down,
No daily cause for vain regret,
For me to sigh or you to frown.

Unheeded I dream out my dream,
And call your image from afar;
You then *seem* kind, and what you seem
To my weak trusting heart, you *are*.

Alas ! 'tis only thus you're warm,
 'Tis absence makes your smile so sweet ;
The faith, the hope, the joy, the charm,
 All, all have vanished when we meet.

Your words are cold, your eyes no more
 Talk faster, fonder than your tongue :
You've long ago unlearnt the lore
 I taught you when our love was young.

Why treasure up the sign or token
 We never wish to use again ?
When all the mystic links are broken,
 'Tis best to fling away the chain.

Then stay, and let me cherish still
 The dream your coming would dispel ;
That tone so changed—that look so chill—
 Oh, stay away, or—fare you well !

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE COUNTESS
HAHN-HAHN.

Aus der Gesellschaft, p. 189.

I.

IF you'll be my own,
Then list to me now,
My lot shall be shown
Clear as such will allow.
True told you shall hear it—
Dark, light, as may be—
And if you can't bear it,
You do not love me.

II.

Thorn-tangled and wild,
And o'er rocks, is my path :
Oh ! am I the child
Of God's favour or wrath ?

At times I feel riven—
So shatter'd, so drear—
And then, as if heaven
Were opening to cheer.

III.

The lark trills its note
Unseen and on high :
The eagle will float
Alone in the sky.
Just so is my being :
I pour out my lay
Unseen and unseeing,
And hover, as they.

IV.

Right up tow'rds the sun
I soar, tempest-tost,
And bliss has been won
Where peace has been lost.
Yet I grow calm, and care
Dies away at its birth,
As I bathe in the air
That's untainted by earth.

v.

Let the war-cries of life
Ring loud as they will,
Through the thick of the strife
You must follow me still.
The shame you must bear,
Ay, make it your own ;
And the crown you must wear
As if born to a throne.

vi.

If your soul is thus steel'd,
Self-sustain'd, self-possess'd,
Unable to yield,
And yet able to rest ;
Come to me—no shrinking—
I'll live on for you—
But if you stay thinking
One moment—Adieu.

TO A LADY WHO DESIRED A SONNET TO BE
WRITTEN ON THREE UGLY WOMEN.

Do not insist upon my writing
A sonnet on such things as those ;
But be content with my inditing
A tribute to their charms in prose.

For verse with me's the test of feeling ;
My lines, when they do come, are fraught
With earnest, heartfelt truth—revealing
My inmost mysteries of thought.

And fancy, when she puts her wings on,
Is off at once—free, unconfined—
Dashes from earth to heaven, and springs on
The loveliest image she can find.

'Twere idle *then* to talk of duty,
Or frown ;—to her vocation true,
She flies from ugliness to beauty,
And if I write, 'twill be of you.

TO A FLY PERCHED ON THE SHOULDER OF A
CELEBRATED BEAUTY.*

h-p
O HAPPY, happy, happy fly !
If I were you, and you were I,
I'd slip beneath the robe and rest
A moment on that lovely breast,
Or mount a bit, and nestle in
The pretty dimple on the chin,
Or seek the lips, to taste the bliss,
The melting sweetness, of her kiss.
I'd carefully avoid the eyes,
Whatever comes too near them dies,
No matter whether men or flies,
As moths about a taper turning
Soon singe their wings, and perish burning.

* These verses were first circulated as the composition of a late distinguished and highly popular prelate ; who really did address the first couplet to the fly. He took the mystification in good part, and I never heard of his disclaiming any of the lines, although there was a copy in which a still greater indiscretion was suggested to the fly.

ATTEMPTED IN FRENCH.

Si j'étois toi, oh petite mouche,
Je volerois vers cette bouche
Pour en savourer le miel.
Peutetre oserois-je descendre
A cet endroit, ou, bel et tendre,
Le sein fait entrevoir le ciel.



TO THE HON. M. M., ✓

ON HER APPEARING AS THE ANGEL IN A TABLEAU OF
“THE NOVICE.”

'Tis lucky for sinners like us
There are not many angels like you,
Or if they appear to us thus,
That their visits are hasty and few.
That brow and that beautiful hair,
Those lips and those love-beaming eyes,
Only make us poor mortals despair
That we can't mount at once to the skies.

FROM A SOBER COUNTRY HOUSE,

TO THE CHATELAINE OF A GAY AND VERY PLEASANT ONE
(LAMINGTON), WHERE ROSE WAS THE FAVOURITE
SCENT, AND ALL WORE A ROSEATE HUE.

FIT words would be wanting to utter

How well we've been treated, how fed
With the freshest and sweetest of butter,
On the lightest and whitest of bread.

But there's here no occasion for verses,

Every thought may be spoken in prose,
And what, to my fancy, still worse is,
There's nothing that tells of the rose.

No rainbow illusion is blended

With the kindness, the comfort, the mirth :
The romance of existence seems ended,
And sentiment banish'd from earth.

Yet the moral may keep you from scorning :

"When life is prosaic and trite,
The head does not ache in the morning,
And the heart does not flutter at night."

TO LADY D. B.

(ON BEING ACCUSED OF SAYING THE SAME THINGS TO
ANOTHER, UNNAMED AND UNKNOWN).

PRAY help me, lady, to discover
Your second self, this fair unknown,
Round whom unwittingly, I hover,
Whose eyes attract me like your own.

Who laughing, pouting, riding, walking,
That lovely image can renew :
Nay, by a glance can set me talking
Precisely as I talk to you.

You'll haply save us both some trouble,
And cannot possibly do harm,
By simply pointing out a *double*
Endowed with half your power to charm.

But if, unkind and deaf to reason,
To name this tell-tale friend you're loth,
You must do penance for *her* treason
By looking beautiful for both.

TO THE SAME.

(A MORAL APOLOGUE.)

FULL often has the tale been told,
And sound the moral that it yields,
From Midas turning all to gold,
To poor Tarpeia with her shields—

That when a wish is form'd, far better
Ne'er to have form'd that wish at all,
Than have it granted to the letter,
And granted, too, beyond recall.

She's to look beautiful for *two*—
I come, I gaze, and gaze again—
True to the word, and more than true,
She's looking beautiful for *ten*.

Her grace, the charm of her attire,
That lily in the clust'ring hair,
The eyes so soft, yet full of fire—
She is indeed divinely fair.

But, ah ! the melancholy truth
Dispels the first faint sense of bliss :
We forfeit with our vanished youth
The right to move in scenes like this.
'Tis for the hopeful, gay and young,
To seek that thing of love and light—
To them, and them alone, belong
Her beauty and her smiles to-night.



TO THE SAME,

ON HER SAYING THAT SHE AND A FEMALE FRIEND TOLD
EACH OTHER EVERYTHING.

THIS is never the way to treat love, my fair lady :
All romance dies away and all sentiment ends,
If, the moment a feeling is whispered, you're ready
To repeat it to *not* the discreetest of friends.
Compare notes when addressed by the heartless and
vain :
Let conceit and presumption be checked at their
birth :
You've a right to do this—you've no right to profane,
Or tear from its shrine, what is sweetest on earth.

When, murm'ring and trembling, an earnest voice
presses,

And passion—true passion—its fervour imparts,
Lock it up, lock it up, in the inmost recesses
Of what then will be prized as the dearest of hearts.



*WITH AN EMBROIDERED BELT FOR A LADY
LEAVING ENGLAND.*

Go, envied thing, delight to taste,
Though I may ne'er again renew it ;
Though I no more may clasp that waist,
Something of mine at least shall do it.

Go, and by sedulously warding
The dangers that her charms invite,
Fondly from rash approaches guarding,
Be what I would be if I might.

TO A LADY WHO PROPOSED PUTTING UP HER
HONEY TO AUCTION.

I'LL give no money
For the best of honey
 The bee on Hybla sips,
But I'll bid with pleasure
For the honied treasure
 That's gathered on rosy lips.

LAMINGTON, Sept. 1858.

—o—

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS REVERSED.

*(Impromptu mentally addressed to a Lady opposite at a
Dinner-table.)*

WERE the apple again to be given—
 Though the goddesses, prompt to renew
The contest, should come down from heaven—
 The prize would be ceded to you.

For there's nothing Celestials could show
 With your mere mundane charms to compare—
The blue veins on that bosom of snow
 Would drive Venus herself to despair.

TO MRS. C. W.,

WHO, ON BEING ASKED WHETHER SHE WAS HIGH OR LOW
CHURCH, SAID SHE WAS "NO CHURCH."

No church ! then I too will have none—

No altar, no priest, and no shrine :

All rites of religion I'll shun,

No *form* will I follow but thine.

When I kneel, it shall be at thy feet,

And I'll kneel till thou bid'st me to rise,

My sole heaven shall be when we meet,

And I'll gaze on no stars but thine eyes.

DUDBROOK, *Sunday*.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

BY THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AMBASSADOR, COUNT BEUST.

(PRINTED BY HIS PERMISSION.)

Est ce *High* ou *Low* ? quelle est donc son Église ?

Les Hauts, les Bas, je les ai bien connus.

Ici l'incertitude n'est pas permise

Décidément par elle le Haut doit être cru.

Souvent au *High Church* on a reproché

De vouloir établir le culte des idôles,

Mais celle qui est elle-même idolâtrée,

Ne peut, j'en suis certain, qu'y être dans son rôle.

DUDBROOK, *Sunday*.

TO ERIN.*

SURE 'tis time now to give over sighing,
When the bards of two empires compete—
When Albion and Austria are vying
What tribute to lay at thy feet—

When that lovely young rebel is singing,
Unfetter'd, the songs of her choice—
When the air all around her is ringing
With the musical swell of her voice—

When the heart can scarce bear without aching
The wild rush of emotion she wakes,
And for *chains*—she can't move without making
A great many more than she breaks.

'Twill be some consolation to thee,
After ages of sorrow and slaughter,
If no longer the Land of the Free,
To know thou'rt avenged by thy daughter.

DUDBROOK, *Monday*.

* Her representative, as the lady of "No Church" was hailed by common consent, had been singing the Irish melodies and national airs with exquisite pathos and truth of expression; giving a marked preference to those in which the hated rule of the Saxon invader was denounced.

TO GRACE, DUCHESS OF —, WITH A BOUQUET
FOR THE BALL.

THESE flowers beg permission to say
That where beauty, wit, figure and face—
At their brightest—combine to betray,
There's nothing more charming than *Grace*.

DUDBROOK, *Tuesday*.

—o—

TO A BOUQUET PRESENTED TO THE REPRESENTATIVE OF ERIN.

Go, go, and be happy awhile,
Your fate is not hard to foretell :
You will bask a few hours in her smile,
And then sigh a lasting farewell.

If you've luck, you'll be press'd to her lip,
And, entranced by a glance from her eye,
Draw fresh sweets from the dew that you sip,
But the very next morn you will die.

DUDBROOK, *Tuesday*.

TO THE REPRESENTATIVE OF ERIN.

Yes, triumph securely, scarce one could come near
thee,

Thou'rt Queen of the Ball by the gen'ral acclaim :
But it wanted not this to enshrine—to endear thee—
To blend all that's lovely and bright with thy name.

Farewell, and forgive these the last of my verses,

I'm sadder than even poor Erin could be :
Her blessing's not on me, but haply her curse is,
For daring to bring such poor offerings to thee.

DUDEROCK, *Wednesday Morning.*



TO THE SAME.

SUGGESTED BY HER SINGING "LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE."

You've Nora Creina's very eyes,
But 'tis like Lesbia that you use them,
You've all the gifts we praise or prize,
And cruelly do you abuse them.

Like the spoilt child, recklessly breaking
The toy for which it just had cried,
Your pride, your pleasure, is in making
Adorers,—to be flung aside !

When, reft of hope, they think of flying,
You've more at hand and don't regret them ;
If the poor fools should talk of dying,
You'd laugh and murmur, " Let them, let
them."

Since (loth as we may be to task him)
Love lives in every other part,
Would it be indiscreet to ask him,
" Have you *once* nestled in her heart ?"



THE REPLY OF LOVE.

No, but I stole a peep within it,
And saw there, at one hurried view,
All that would make you die to win it,
All that is gentle, kind, and true.

What she can't help, and sees no harm in,
Is luring triflers to her feet ;
And to blame *her* for being charming,
Is to blame flowers for being sweet.

TO L. \

Who, on being told that none of the painters had done or could do justice to her beauty, asked the writer to try what could be done in verse.

I SCARCE dare to try verses again,
So rarely have verses availed ;
And I feel I should fail with the pen
Where, to *my* mind, the pencil has failed.

And Poetry bids me refrain
From attempting what Painting can't do.
Both the sisters are frowning—'tis plain
They are both of them jealous of you.

TO L.

ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE MORE VERSES, AND WARMER.

YOUR lovely image, since the day
 You asked for a more glowing lay,
 Is ever flutt'ring in my mind ;
 But I'm too ill and low to find
 The fitting words and rhymes to tell
 The feelings you may guess so well.
 Allow me but another week,
 And let your eyes (for they *can* speak)
 Say something kind to reassure
 My wav'ring hopes and aid my cure.
 Then, if you wish, I'll write a book
 Describing every tone and look :
 I'll sketch you sitting, walking, riding,
 Smiling, pouting, coaxing, chiding—
 Painting, if my poor verse will reach
 So high, your witchery in each.
 A book that's sure to charm,—no two
 Pages alike, yet full of you.

*ON THE COLOURED PHOTOGRAPH OF A
CELEBRATED BEAUTY (THE SAME).*

YES, Art has for once done its duty

With feeling, refinement and grace :

It has fixed the fine lines of her beauty,

It has caught the true charm of her face—

The eyes 'tis entrancing to meet—

The lips 'twould be madd'ning to kiss—

All that's lovely, seducing and sweet,

Or tell-tale like suggestive of bliss.

TO THE SAME.

" I began to be afraid that I was not attractive enough in your eyes to inspire you, but those really beautiful verses (the last) have reassured me."—LETTER.

Not attractive enough to inspire !
You're attractive enough to destroy,
To make it a sin to admire,
And blend lasting remorse with the joy.

With you, when I venture on rhyme,
All scruples of conscience I smother ;
For I break one Commandment each time,
And I long to be breaking another.

APOLOGY FOR THE LAST.

ALL along I've been blending your name
With what's brightest, and fairest, and best ;
And your beauty alone is to blame
For the venial offence I've confest.

If haply deficient in Grace,
To *one* creed I shall ever be true :
That, an angel in form and in face,
You're an angel in purity too.

But not even to you is it given
To save love from all tinge of its birth ;
Whilst your eyes and your brow tell of heaven,
Your lips are sad tempters on earth.

The halo that Fancy throws o'er you
May make you seraphic, divine ;
But it is not in man to adore you,
And suppress profane wishes like mine.

*ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LADY HOLDING
A BOUQUET AGAINST HER MOUTH.*

Most favoured of flowers, don't you feel
When you hide so much loveliness thus,
When all you caress you conceal,—
That you're sadly forgetful of us.

You may hear the complaint with surprise,
Entranc'd by the sweets which you sip ;
But who could e'er gaze on those eyes,
And not long for the heaven of the lip ?

WITH A DROPPED BRACELET.

TRUANT! return to Olive's arm,
Nor madly murmur that I found you,
And tell her she should throw a charm,
Such as she throws o'er me, around you.

For then you'd never wish to wander,
Make to escape no vain endeavour ;
But every hour grow happier, fonder,
And cling delightedly for ever.

ON HEARING THE SAME LADY (WHO WORE A
RUBENS HAT) CALLED "A RUBENS."

A RUBENS ! She's far above *that*,
What he never could paint is her charm :
She has nothing of him but the hat,
And the ripe rounded richness of form.

She has much more of Titian, whose brush,
Shunning coarseness in women, prefers
To pourtray the warm tints and full flush
Of bright glowing beauty like hers.

TO THE REPRESENTATIVE OF ERIN.

(WITH A BOUQUET FOR A BALL.)

FLOWERS and verses again ! But don't start
With a frown, or a pout, at the sight.
Let me humbly contribute my part
And aid in thy triumph to-night.

For, though envy itself should disarm,
And in praise of thy beauty agree,
On none will thy fulness of charm
Ever flash as it flashed upon me.

AFTER TALKING ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON
WITH NELLIE.

"N'est ce pas que l'Amour a passé par là."

—ROUSSEAU.

THOUGH no effort is made to beguile,
Though unconscious the charm, mid the many
Fair things made to dream of, her smile
Grows hourly more winning than any.

Whence comes that expression, so rare,
So poetical, pensive, refined?
Whence, indeed? unless Love has been there,
And has left all his sweetness behind.

A CORRESPONDENCE.

THANKS for the Verse of Other Days ;
But why so modest in your lays,

Dear Mr. Hayward ?

Did all those beauties only vex,
And flirt and fib ? Was all the sex
So cold and wayward ?

Were all your idols so unkind,
Did all of them a pleasure find

In treating *you* ill ?

I'm sure, had you made love to me
As nicely as you did to "C.,"
I'd not been cruel.

Had you to me so deeply sighed
I know I could not have denied

The suit you pleaded,
Or doomed my poet to complain
Of hopeless days and nights of pain
As heartless "C." did.

So, pray, why are we only told
Of hearts that proved untrue or cold
 Instead of tender?
Throughout your book, in verse or prose,
We never hear a word of those
 Who *did* surrender.

Indeed, so humble is your tone,
Your little volume might be known
 As "Lost Addresses."
I only hope that you're about
To bring a second volume out
 Called "My Successes."

Yours Sincerely,

LOUISE L— —R.



THE REPLY.

DEAR MRS. L— —r, you forget
Days in *my* memory deeply set,
When I presumed to love you :
'Tis true, I never was denied,
Because I only gazed and sighed,
And never dared to prove you.

For well I knew, that lovely breast,
With warmth approached, like all the rest,
Could don its mail of coldness.
'Tis only now, when all is past,
When I have loved and longed my last,
You hint my lack of boldness.

TO HELÈNE.

(In reply to her letter announcing her speedy return, after a long absence, to England).

ONE glance at your letter disperses
All illusion : the sight of your name
Seems to act like a spell on my verses,
For their ring is no longer the same.

Fleeting fancies are gone like a dream,
Giving place to the lasting and true ;
And never again will my theme
Lead astray, for that theme will be *you*.

TO H. WEARING A GREEN SHADE.

Your eyes may rest shaded awhile,
They've fulfill'd their vocation so well,
So fixed in the mem'ry your smile,
So sure of your weaving the spell.

To lose e'en an hour of their light
Seems hard, but I will not complain ;
They would haunt me, love-beaming and bright,
Were I never to meet them again.

TO H——.

You laughed when I said I was shy,
And I am not with others, 'tis true—
But why do I tremble, and try
In vain, to be calm before you.
Because what you'd frown at, I feel—
Because I'm then acting a part—
Because what I dare not reveal
Is flutt'ring, though crushed, in my heart.

—o—

TO H——.

FAREWELL, you have given me a feeling
Which will *not* pass away like a dream—
It is one there's no need of concealing,
For 'tis based on the truest esteem.
It is one I have cherished by trying
To be all you could wish or approve—
It is one you'll forgive, although, sighing,
I must own that 'tis very like love.

TO L., WITH PINK CAMELIAS.

FOR brightness, and freshness, and bloom,
 These flowers might be emblems of you ;
But their coldness and want of perfume
 Leave the typical likeness untrue.

The sweetest, the choicest of flowers
 Has no charm that renews, that endures,
And the beauty which fades with the hours,
 Can have little in common with yours.

TO —, PLAYING BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

(AFTER THE FRENCH.)

We see, though you don't, you can't move
Without charming one way or the other—
When blinded, you're taken for Love,
When the bandage is off, for his mother.

TO —, ON HER HANDWRITING.

YOUR writing's a type of your mind,
It tells the same tale as your face—
Expressive, clear, flowing, refined,
Fraught with sentiment, feeling, and grace.

The charm you fling round you, the spell
In which eyes, voice, and manner unite—
All, all are remembered too well—
With a start and a flush—when you write.

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